ATKINSON'S EVENING POST,

AND PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS.

Philadelphia, February 16, 1850. No. 316.

LINES, TO THE MEMORY OF E. F. S.

Written for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

Shall I forget thee while there's life
Within me young and ardent flame,
My bosom beats with feelings rife,
Nor hesitate to name:

As falls the leaves beneath the blast,
Of summer's withering power,
So fell my young and ardent friend,
In youthful gay happy hour.

Tho' death has now decreed that we
Must meet on earth no more,
Yet on the scroll of memory,
As brilliant as before,

Shall be the hours that we have spent,
When pleasure's sweet tones,
Alone brightly threw her transient,
Now vanished as it flows.

Hear ye the voice upon my lonely lyre,
The cadence of thy voice,
Would steal in magic measure,
But can I have rejoiced

For he, the loved one of my youth,
On earth has ceased to be,
And cold and pulseless is his breast,
Beneath the cypress tree.

This tribute of affection is sacred to the memory of
J. S. C.
Philadelphia, Feb. 1850.

Theatrical, Exhibitions.

Various writers have undertaken with great vehemence of expression, and apparent conviction of truth, to prove that the public good requires the suppression of theatrical exhibitions. As all the considerations we have seen advanced, appear to be inconsistent with reason and experience, and opposed to the clearest principles of human happiness, if not to the manifest will of God, we feel it necessary to enter our protest against such a conclusion. We are aware that the subject is one of delicacy, and that it is not to be discussed with advantage, by those who are not prepared to examine it in all its bearings. But we are willing to risk the imputation of rashness, in the hope that we may be able to throw some light upon a question, which is of great importance to the public morals.

It is true that amid this inundation of folly, dissipation and vice, the virtuous may sometimes be found; and vice, the virtuous may sometimes be found; and vice, the virtuous may sometimes be found;

THE KING'S GUILDFORD.

AMERICAN SILK.

The following is the return of the filature of the Silk Company, at Hartford, for the year 1839. The number of trees planted in 1839 was 150,000 mulberry trees, of which 100,000 were white, and 50,000 were the Italian and Canton. The trees were planted in rows, three feet apart, and one foot apart in the rows. The white mulberry trees were two years old, and the Italian and Canton were one year old. The trees were planted in the spring, and the ground was kept clean by the hoe and cultivator. The trees were not fed with leaves the first year, but were cut down to the ground in the fall, and covered with manure. The second year they were fed with leaves, and yielded as follows:

1. 100,000 trees, including the trees planted as above in 1839, 1,000 lbs.
2. 15,000 trees from these cuttings, yield 100, 1,500
3. 100,000 ounces of leaves will feed 125,000 worms.

4. That an allowance of 10,000 in 120,000, the death of worms and bad cocoons, is sufficient, and no more.

5. That therefore 120,000 worms will yield 150,000 good cocoons, yielding, when reeled, 60 pounds of raw silk, which, at $2 per pound, is $120 per 1,000 worms, or $2,400 per 20,000.

6. That the expenses for trees at $6 cents, is $450; the rent per acre, therefore, amounts to twenty dollars per acre. The gross sales, $2,400 per acre, and leaves $30 for incidental expenses and profit.

7. That 20,000 trees planted on an acre bring 200,000 trees and roots, the net profit of which, planted on common acres, will amount to 1700 dollars, and leave 700 dollars per acre, which is 70 per cent. on the cost of a cocoonery. The cost of a cocoonery, for 20,000 trees, is $1000, including all the costs and cuttings, will pay him for all his improvements, and leave a large sum of money in his pocket.

From the Baltimore Farmer and Gardener.

SUGAR BEET AND MULBERRY CULTURE.

The culture of the Morus multicaulis. This subject, the importance of the introduction of which, of from the tree, and the cuttings. Though a distinct species, and composed of perpetuals of the leaf, it yields, and the shortness of the season, and the severity of the winter, have not allowed the Morus multicaulis to attain the size of the native Mariland, which he propped from habit, rather than with the hope of cultivating his silk with it. If less he can obtain 1000 cuttings of the current and branches he has to spare.

"Can I have it, my friend, do Deeche came up," to date to main with the Narragansett!

The young Sachem dropped the point of his tomahawk, pressed the feet of his moccasin on the chief's outer hand and pressed him by without stopping, and continued in pursuit of Ossiki who had just taken the war-path. Ossiki, one of our after ancestors, drew other young warriors, who severally joined the fresh Wusketeag, Quonk's chief, spear, and passed on without staying him, for Uncas followed not for behind, and they knew the joy it would give him to capture him alive with his own hand. "Ossiki is gone," said "as approaching, the old Narragansett knew lost to to Uncas. His heart failed within him, and the flag of a flag-staff, and the Mohegans, the Mohegans, to be cause of the Mohegans. And his hand which held the fragments of the hanging forward would have buried it in his bosom, but his knife went and wrested it from his hand as if he had been a child. Miantinomoh groaned, and covered his face with his mantle with impotent rage; then looked sadly and silently, upon the ground. Uncas stood over him with battle-axe raised in a threatening manner.

"Narragansett, speak! Demand thy life!"

The fallen Sachem uttered not a word.

"Had you captured me, would you have asked my life of them?"

Miantinomoh replied not, but preserved a sullen and obstinate silence.

At this moment Onecho, having, after a brief and fierce combat, slain Ossiki, returned, and seeing the danger hanging over the head of the father of Uncas,

"Save him, my father!" he cried, arresting the descending axe.

"Hence, boy! Plead not for an assassin!" but the just avenger Onecho's hand, and compelled to leave, down the fatal blow.

Again Onecho interposed, when Uncas struck him back with the haft of his battle-axe, and once more elevated his weapon. A third time Onecho, at the peril of a fratricide, threw himself before the stroke of his mistress, when, his own interposition was anticipated by a loud shout, and Nahoge cast herself, like a shield, over the victim of her love. With a feeling not to be expressed by tongue or pen, and cast an inquiring look toward Onecho.

"Nahoge," answered the young man.

"I thought so," was the stern rejoinder. "Now Onecho, will I or one blow save your honor and leave our revenge.

The young warrior sprinkled with a forest light at the stern warrior suspended the axe in the air for a fatal blow. His heart had struggled with his love for Nahoge. The latter sentiment won. With a feeling not to be expressed by tongue or pen, and cast an inquiring look toward Onecho.

"Nahoge," answered the young man.

"I thought so," was the stern rejoinder. "Now Onecho

PUBLIC WORKS AND PUBLIC WORKMEN.—Mr. Wheeler, the Chairman of the Board of Public Works, has published a letter in the Times, in which he says that the Board has no power to dismiss workmen employed by the Contractors, but that it has the power to dismiss workmen employed by the Board itself. Mr. Wheeler says that he has dismissed a number of workmen employed by the Board for drunkenness, and that he has also dismissed workmen employed by the Contractors for the same offence. He says that he has also dismissed workmen employed by the Contractors for refusing to work overtime, and that he has also dismissed workmen employed by the Contractors for refusing to work on Sundays. Mr. Wheeler says that he has also dismissed workmen employed by the Contractors for refusing to work on Sundays. Mr. Wheeler says that he has also dismissed workmen employed by the Contractors for refusing to work on Sundays.

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PUBLIC WORKS AND PUBLIC WORKMEN.

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